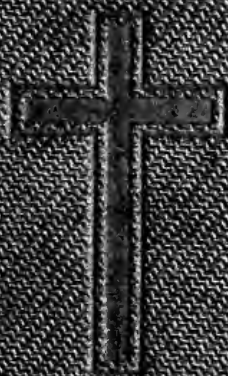


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Book C156

Sarah M. Parsons.

With the love of her sister Susan.

April, 1859.

Q U I E T H O U R S .

BY

SUSAN FRANCIS CLAPP.

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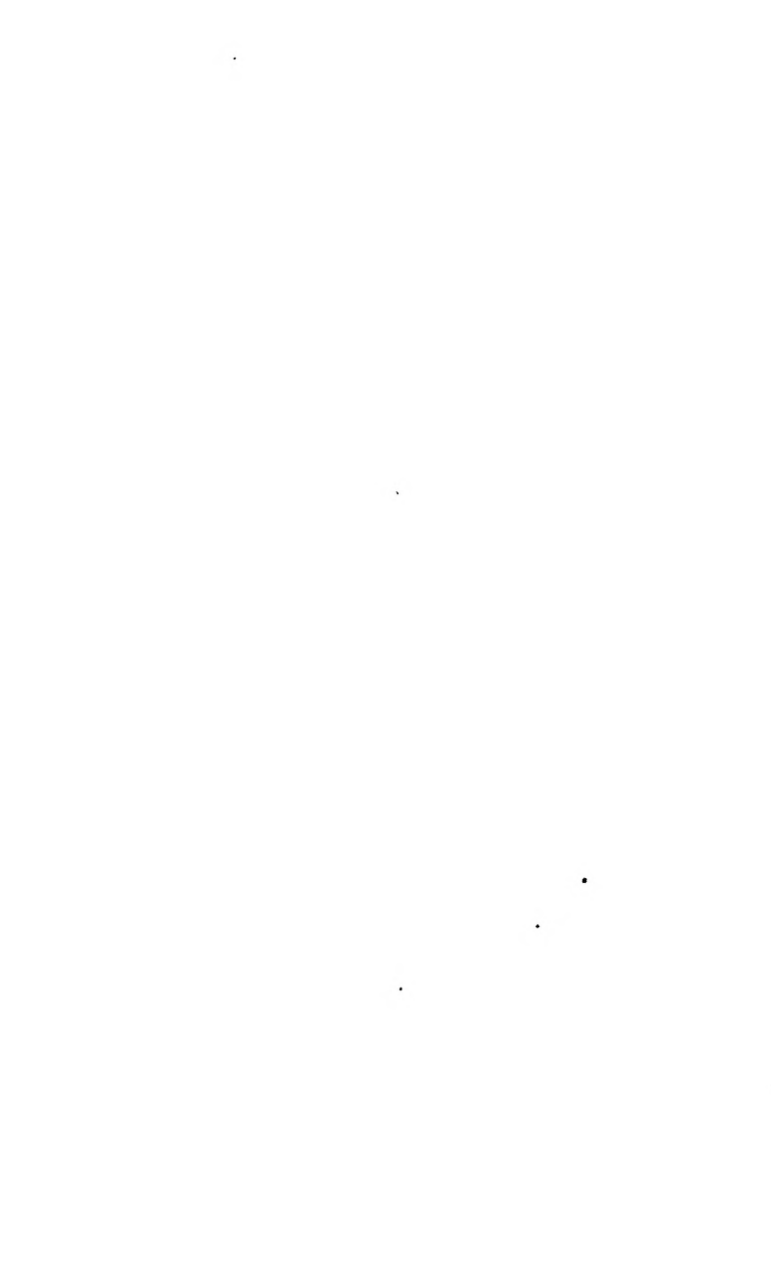
Loving Friends.

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P O E M S .



LITTLE CHILDREN.



LITTLE children ! Blessings on ye !
Ye are always bringing to me
Pleasant faces,
Winning graces,
Life's picture-side revealing.
Ye are cheering beams of light !
Shooting through the tedious night !
The night of toil, the night of care,
Which our maturity must bear.

Ye blot the years from off life's track,
And carry me to Eden back,
 With artless smiles
 And cunning wiles,
Ye take my grown up heart away !
Innocent ye are, and free !
Full of pranks and jollity !
Sporting in the sun of gladness,
Ye rebuke distrust and sadness.

As through life's pasture-fields we pass,
Fair flowers ye are amongst the grass !
 Pure and living ;
 Fragrance giving
To the atmosphere around.
Messengers of love to man —
Ye are doing all ye can
To quell within him earthly strife,
And lead him back to simple life.

Your joy — a bright electric spark —
Consigns old sages to the dark.

Loving teachers !

Wisest preachers !

Rosy tints of morning light !

Playing round the cottage-door,

Or on tessellated floor ;

Half-waking up in manhood's mind

Sad thoughts of something left behind.

Visions of beauty ! Sweet home-dreams !

To earth-dimmed eyes, Heaven's brightest gleams !

Looks so sunny,

Arch, and funny,

Speak of something half untold.

Blessings scattered here and there !

By the way-side everywhere !

Ye tempt our hearts, from cares of earth,

To join you in your careless mirth.

Wisdom and toil can ne'er recover
The blessed light that's thrown all over
 Your ringlets fair
 Of golden hair,
 Your dimples, and your laughing eyes;
 Rills of immortality
 From a fount of mystery!
Sweet echoes to our souls are ye,
Of some forgotten harmony!

Manhood vainly strives to find
Truths that lie within your mind:
 Ever gleaning
 Deepest meaning
 From your look of childish wonder:
 He would fain come near your soul,
 And the inner-chart unroll:
Sound with earthly line your being,
Never satisfied with seeing.

But the pure soul's encircling haze
Protects you from his curious gaze :
 Intent on play,
 Ye bound away,
Knowing naught of his defeat :
Or, toys and playmates all forgot,
 Busied with some passing thought,
Seem sailing on the waveless sea
Of spiritual immensity.

The world, without ye, would go wrong !
Living notes of Nature's song !
 With passing fears,
 And transient tears,
Ever new, yet still the same !
Meekest, greatest of earth's seers !
Little glad philosophers !
Oh ! teach me like yourselves to be
Earnest, single, true, and free !

SELFISH GRIEF AND RESIGNATION.



BEFORE Death came, my heart was whole,
The good round earth was beautiful ;
I loved the grass, I loved the sky,
And friendly violet's meek blue eye ;
The murmuring brook to me was dear ;
Its song I always liked to hear ;
 It sang so soft and low,
 As onward it did go ;
 It seemed to speak to me,
 With its full symphony,
 Teaching my inmost heart
 From the vain world to part.

Willingly, its lessons mild
I received like little child.
Ever, in its course, 't was showing
To my soul, in such school growing,
How the waters of my life,
Deaf and mute to earth's poor strife,
Never wearily,
Calmly, and cheerily,
Unheeding others' joy or woe,
Through life's vicissitude might flow.

But woe is me ! I am bereft !
No solace to my heart is left.
What I have loved, Death takes away ;
And friends, to soothe my sorrow, say,
“ Our earthly home is fair ;
The fields are green, the stars are bright,
The sun and moon shed pleasant light,
And flowers spring everywhere.”
The sunbeam warm, and painted flower,
Fade, and grow cold, in Grief's dark hour !

Nature to sorrowing hearts doth wear

A face of sadness ;

But meets the happy, all bright and fair,

With smiles and gladness, —

Gives always back to us our heart,

And never from ourselves can part.

The moment that Grief in my soul had its birth,

A mantle of sable seemed flung o'er the earth ;

The light fleecy clouds looked dismal and drear ;

The note of the spring-bird fell sad on my ear.

For comfort I went to my old friend, the wood,

By the side of the gurgling rivulet stood ;

But the beautiful flowers, that always, before,

Had smilingly met me, looked cordial no more.

The pretty *Houstonia* circled my feet,

But welcomed me not to its quiet retreat ;

The *Hepatica*'s petals refused to unfold ;

And the look the sweet *Mayflower* gave me was cold.

My troubled spirit now could see,

The answering flowers gave back to me

A joyless reflection of selfish thought,
That I to their peaceful dells had brought.

I entered the path that led from the wood,
And homeward strolled in a thoughtful mood.

The grass too green was growing,
Too free the wind was blowing,
Too cheerful was the robin's note,
The clouds too playfully did float
Over the face of the clear blue sky,
That looked on their sport too tranquilly.

The wood-god played a dirge-like air
On the leafy strings of his pine-harp there.

As I came up beneath the tree,
I paused and listened gratefully ;
The plaintive strains of the tune seemed caught
From the low key-note of my saddened thought.
I laid me down on the leaf-strewn ground,
And gave myself to the soothing sound.

'Tween the sighs and lulls of that grand old hymn,
Earth soon, in my reverie deep, grew dim.

And now my grief-worn heart was free!
Loosed were the bonds of selfish strife;
Mid silent musings, reverently,
I hearkened for the words of life.
Then low, soft music filled the air,
Clouds of distrust were rolled away,
Resplendent forms of beauty there
Were chanting this melodious lay:
"Unholy murmurs dim thy view,
Veiling celestial visions bright;
Shadows of self wear darkest hue,
And screen from thee the world of light.

"From private woes, look, look away;
Learn that thy life is not thine own;
But, bound with all to work and pray,
Leave thou thy griefs with God alone."

New depths within my soul were stirred ;
Again I listened ! again I heard :

“ All clouds of grief are clouds of love,
To temper God’s great light above ;
Shading the way, that souls on earth,
By faith, may have diviner worth.”

Bowed down before the All-perfect Will,
My unrepining heart was still.

Sweet Resignation ! never more,
Permit me darkly to deplore ;
Hallow my grief, and let me see,
Through tear-dimmed eyes, the spirit free,
Climbing the golden stairs of heaven,
Wearing the crown to angels given.

I rose, and through the fields walked on ;
Bright clouds were round the setting sun ;

And every bird, and brook, and tree,
Now filled my soul with melody.
The flowers about my feet sprung up,
With fragrance sweet from every cup ;
And, through the gathering shades of night,
An angel-face was shining bright.

THE BRIDGE.



THERE is a bridge of beauty
O'er turbid waters thrown ;
Its model piers and rafters
Are neither wood nor stone.

In silence deep and solemn,
It grew, as grows the oak ;
Built, like the sacred Temple,
Without the hammer's stroke.

By skill of cunning craftsmen,
Its arches firm were made ;
And in harmonious numbers
Its mystic beams were laid.

It beareth quaint devices
Of wild dreams coming true ;
And on it strange old legends
Are chronicled anew.

When wind and storm are loudest,
And wildly rolls the sea,
Serene o'er all it floateth,
O'er all it beareth me.

I cross this bridge with burdens
In darkest hours of night ;
And there, among the shadows,
I find a steady light.

It shineth calm and constant,
And cheers me all the way ;
My burden lighter groweth,
And night is fair as day.

When I am tired of hearing
The world's discordant notes,
I cross this bridge to rest me,
And peaceful music floats

From silver bells above me,
Till strife and care depart ;
And, sounding on long after,
Their chimes ring in my heart.

High over rank and riches,
From gilded thralldom free,
This bridge forever riseth
In primal majesty.

On human hearts it resteth,
 This magic bridge I sing ;
And angels, sent from heaven,
 Their errands o'er it bring.

Love built this bridge of refuge
 Across Life's stormy sea,
And made its arches firmer
 Than solid masonry.

With sweet and sacred memories
 Of hours too quickly flown,
Like green perennial mosses,
 Its piers are overgrown.

And in among its rafters,
 A graceful hand hath wrought,
And wreathed each bar and cross-beam
 With flowers of tender thought.

As years, in mute procession,
 Pass by with stately tread,
This bridge new moss shall gather,
 New flowers their fragrance shed.

RECOMPENSE.



If human speech forever fail
 To tell of human grief,
It also fails to tell of that
 Which brings the heart relief.

For deeper down, below the source
 Of word, or even thought,
Lies that great Hope, with human grief
 Mysteriously inwrought.

With mortal griefs, immortal joys,
High consolations come ;
The star of Faith sheds brightest beams
Upon the newest tomb !

Eternal, death-subduing Love
Enters within the veil ;
Shines brightest out from folding eyes,
When sun and stars grow pale.

No waters dark can quench this love,
Nor floods of Jordan drown :
It passes through the gates of Death,
And stands before God's throne !

Forever freed from earthly taint,
It burns with purer light ;
And unto trusting hearts reveals
More than is lost to sight.

Then, on dead faces, let us look
 With calm and holy faith ;
'Mid rising sobs, let open ears
 Hear what the Spirit saith.

Except our dear ones go away,
 No Comforter would come,
No shining path would light us up
 To our celestial home.

AUTUMN LEAVES.



OH, russet, red, and golden leaves !
All crown'd with hazy light,
As soft as halo round the moon,
Of a mild autumn night.

So green through all the summer-heat,
Affording kindly shade ;
And now, in their appointed time,
How gloriously they fade !

All veined and dappled, flecked and lined,
In magic tints most rare ;
A dash of glowing sunshine here,
And drop of crimson there !

Shimmering in the smoky light
Of still October days,
Their gorgeous mantles, like a spell,
Entrance our willing gaze.

We linger now about the woods,
In love with open sky ;
And only wish such beauty could
Remain with us for aye.

But, like Aurora when she puts
Her flitting glory on,
We scarce can name their mystic hues,
Ere they are changed or gone.

Gently detached from every bough,
 Borne by the faintest breeze,
Trembling, eddying, down they fall
 Under the mournful trees.

We loved the leaves from first to last,
 From spring-time until now ;
We bless them for the crown they put
 Upon the Old Year's brow.

But most we bless them, year by year,
 For the great truth they teach,
That points beyond this transient world,
 And up to heaven doth reach.

Thrice blest are they for telling us,
 When we resign our breath,
If faithful, we, like them, shall wear
 A beauty won by Death !

THE WELL OF BACA.



SUGGESTED BY A SERMON FROM THE REV. F. H. HEDGE.

“Who passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a Well.”
Psalm 84: 6.

WHO stricken weep, and they whose grief
No kind assuaging tears can tell,
May drink sweet waters of relief,
May make in Baca's Vale a well.
(24)

Fond hearts, bereaved, who trust their God,
And worship-gifts of love still bring,
Know, even from the fresh grave-sod,
A living fount of joy may spring.

And patient souls, that long endure,
Who see not, yet believe the best,
Lean on an arm Divine, and sure,
And pass, through conflict, on to rest.

Prompt hands, that, ne'er unnerved by fear,
Through clouds and rain toil bravely on,
Derive true strength and holy cheer,
From consciousness of duty done.

All prophets, poets, heroes, sages,
Whose lives have made our borders green,
Bequeathed their present to the ages,
And still their way-side wells are seen.

And fainting pilgrims, worn with strife,
Who stop, and taste these waters sweet,
Find them refreshing draughts of life,
Giving new strength to weary feet.

Our future life lies in the *Now*,
Each daily task a well should be,
Whose tide may smoothe Time's furrowed brow,
And seal it for eternity.

LITTLE HERBERT.



GATHER all his playthings up ;
We shall never see them more,
From his dimpled, dainty hands,
Wildly thrown about the floor.

He is weary of them all,
Cares no more with them to play ;
Leaving them, he hallows them :
Lay them lovingly away.

He hath heard the words of blessing,
Bidding little children "come ;"
Earthly love cannot detain him
Longer from his heavenly home.

Fold his little snowy hands ;
Lay them gently on his breast ;
Now he lieth still and calm,
Vision fair of perfect rest.

Bless him in his beauty there ;
Bless his solemn slumber deep ;
" God's beloved," early crowned
With the mystic sign of " sleep." *

Oft we prayed that angels might
Keep their watch about his bed :
We can trust their vigils now ;
They will guard his infant head.

* " He giveth his beloved sleep."

While the silence in the house
Speaketh to us of our grief,
We will thank our God, who gave
Only for a season brief.

Mild and winning were his ways;
Very happy seemed he here;
Bright the sunshine that he brought
With him from the upper sphere.

One brief year he blest our home,
Filled our hearts with light and love,
Added to our lives a joy,
That can never more remove.

All his grace and innocence
Hath increased our being's store:
What God giveth once is ours, —
Ours, with Him, for evermore.

Now, a little hand is pointing
Heavenward, as we journey on ;
May it guide us, and receive us,
When our earthly work is done !

WINTER.



CALL not winter dreary,
Hoary, grim, and old ;
Say not thou art weary,
Would his days were told !

Though the singing birds are flown,
And the lovely flowers are gone ;
Though the long grass, waving green,
In the meadows is not seen ;
Though the music of the rill
Underneath the ice is still :

Call not Winter dreary,
Hoary, grim, and old ;
Say not thou art weary,
Would his days were told !

Though we hear no pleasant breeze
Murmuring low among the trees ;
Though we miss the dancing leaves,
And the grain for future sheaves ;
Though no golden fruit is found
Lying on the orchard ground,
Call not Winter dreary,
Hoary, grim, and old ;
Say not thou art weary,
Would his days were told !

Though no more when day declines,
'Mid the shadows' lengthening lines,
Forth we stroll, in idle mood,
Down the dale into the wood,

Where the twilight keeps us long,
Listening to the brook's low song ;

Call not Winter dreary,

Hoary, grim, and old ;

Say not thou art weary,

Would his days were told !

When the snow, in feathery fall,

With a white robe covers all ;

When a crystal veil is flung

O'er the trees, whose boughs are hung

Thick with gems of prisoned light,

Gleaming on our dazzled sight ;

Call not Winter dreary,

Hoary, grim, and old ;

Say not thou art weary,

Would his days were told !

When the sleigh-bells' merry tinkle

Seems to reach the stars that twinkle,

As if keeping time o'erhead,
To the steed's elastic tread,
Gliding swiftly o'er the ground,
To the bells' enlivening sound ;
 Call not Winter dreary,
 Hoary, grim, and old ;
Say not thou art weary,
 Would his days were told !

When the shadows come and go,
In the moonlight, on the snow,
As the naked branches wave
Calmly o'er the violets' grave,
And the still and lovely scene
Tranquil heaven seems folding in ;
 Call not Winter dreary,
 Hoary, grim, and old ;
Say not thou art weary,
 Would his days were told !

When the twilight settles down
On a home thou long hast known,
And the flickering shadows fall
In the firelight, on the wall ;
When thy loved ones are about,
And the world is quite shut out ;
 Call not Winter dreary,
 Hoary, grim, and old ;
 Say not thou art weary,
 Would his days were told !

When, within that curtained room,
Gently glides a shadowy form,
And, unseen by others there,
Takes by thee the vacant chair,
While sweet tones are in thine ear,
Uttered not by voices here ;
 Call not Winter dreary,
 Hoary, grim, and old ;

Say not thou art weary,
Would his days were told !

Many joys hath Winter brought
Underneath his rugged coat ;
When at length his race is run,
Many joys with him are flown ;
Flowers are sleeping 'neath his snows,
Bless old Winter, ere he goes !
When calm Nature calls him dreary,
Hoary, grim, and old ;
When the patient Earth is weary,
Then his days are told.

DEAR MEMORIES OF LITTLE CARO.



Childhood is an open book, on whose unstained pages angels write
beautiful truths.

I KNEW a pleasant little girl,
Her name was Caroline ;
She was the youngest child of five,
In a Sabbath class of mine.

Her presence was a pure delight,
She was so fair and good ;
I know not if I loved her most
In grave or playful mood.

Her merry voice was blithe and free,
As singing-bird's in May ;
Her eyes were like the hare-bell blue,
And open as the day.

Her sunny hair, in ringlets free,
Over her shoulders fell ;
While all her little artless ways
Some tale of grace would tell.

Sometimes she wore the " Grecian braids,"
Plaited with nicest care ;
With an arch smile and cunning look,
" Classic," she said, they were.

Four summers only had she seen,
Yet she could read as well,
As many children I have known,
Who twice her years could tell.

She often left a noisy play,
To read some book in verse ;
And many ballads, quaint and long,
She could with ease rehearse.

Her childish lore I sought to know,
And asked if she could tell
Who was the Mother of dear Christ,
Who loved us all so well.

The answer came in sweetest tones,
While she looked up and smiled, —
“ He was the blessed Mary’s Son,
A meek and lovely child.”

One day she climbed upon my knee,
The “ Child’s Friend ” in her hand ;
Her innocent and winning ways
My heart could not withstand,

The while she read, with accent free,
 With look and tone of love,
A legend, Catholic and old,
 Of "Jesus and the Dove."

When first she read this pretty tale,
 She asked with earnest tone,
"Is this *our* Jesus? Father, say,
 The same, the very one?"

Her father said, "It is the same,
 The Holy Christ, my dear ;
And to my little girl, I hope
 He may be always near."

How just her claim ! oh, favored child !
 The angels know full well,
Why from her guileless infant lips
 Those words so sweetly fell.

She felt the blessing in her heart, —

The blessing Jesus laid

Long years ago in Palestine,

Upon a young child's head.

THE OLD YEAR.



THE Old Year has departed ;
The good Old Year is dead !
He died last night in silence,
And not a tear was shed.

In silence he departed,
With none to watch and wait ;
He died with none beside him ;
He lieth not in state.

Who blest his locks of silver?

Who mourned his tottering feet?

Who cometh up with questions?

Who names him on the street?

Who looked last night in sadness

Upon the setting sun?

Who grieved that ere its rising,

His work would all be done?

The world went to its slumbers,

The Old Year lying low;

Without a mournful accent,

It let the Old Year go.

Yet countless were the treasures

The Old Year with him bore,

From human hearts, forever,

To the Eternal Shore.

Glad hearts, that gave him welcome,
With forward-looking gaze ;
Now looking back, in sadness,
On dark mysterious days.

Days, when the fold was entered,
And smiles exchanged for tears ;
Great days of mighty sorrow,
That lengthened into years.

And when the Old Year dieth,
These only hear the roar
Of waves, forever breaking
Upon a distant shore.

And other homes have brightened,
Since first the Old Year came ;
From out these too, in silence,
He passeth, just the same.

At quiet hour of midnight,
 No dirge-like strain was heard ;
His faithful service ended,
 Without a parting word.

Went down among the shadows,
 The Old Year, kind and true ;
All eyes, from him averted,
 Were watching for the New !

All bid the New Year welcome ;
 None bade the Old Year wait ;
Without a sigh, or murmur,
 He yielded to his fate.

Thus silently forever,
 The Old must pass away ;
And Man forever looketh
 Unto a Better Day.

INFANCY.



As saith "the Bard of holy faith,
And calm philosophy,"
"Heaven itself doth seem to lie
About blest Infancy."

Fair season of sweet innocence!
Enchanted scroll, close-furled!
Quite mute it lieth, telling naught
Of its interior world.

A mystic beauty circles round
 Its waking and its sleep ;
And, ever and anon, shoot forth
 Strange gleams we cannot keep.

Soft, sunny gleams, from earnest eyes,
 Serene, and deep, and clear ;
As though bright visions, veiled from us,
 To them were hovering near.

These little ones, with loving hearts,
 And souls of spotless white ;
The angels may perchance discern,
 Arrayed in robes of light.

With glimpses of the golden harps,
 And of the waving palm,
Soft floating strains they oft may catch,
 Of some celestial psalm.

We know the holy Nazarene
Once blessed them with his love ;
Upheld them in his arms, and said,
“ Of such is heaven above.”

We know “ their angels always look
Upon the Father’s face ; ”
And straight reflect, to each dear one,
Some radiance or grace.

We know, that often, lying calm
In cradle slumber deep,
Smiles of unearthly beauty play
Within their charmed sleep.

As if some cherub visitant
Those folded eyes could see,
Or those closed ears were listening now
To heaven’s own harmony.

And when an infant goeth home,
By angels borne away,
What still and wondrous beauty doth
Upon its death-sleep lay !

Mysterious light is on its brow,
And on its golden hair ;
As if the spirit, in its flight,
Had stamped its glory there.

Thrice happy they who venture not
Beyond the angels' call ;
Whose cherished names are early writ
Upon a head-stone small !

Well now may Christian lips take up
What fell from heathen tongue ;
They, "whom the gods love " best on earth,
Are summoned hence when young.

STORY OF A VIOLET.

“ Most pleased my own delights to make,
My thirst at every rill I slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of the simplest flower.”

WORDSWORTH.

LOVINGLY, day after day,
I had watched it carefully ;
Had kept it in a sunny place,
Looking in the morning's face ;
With water fed its growing root,
Tempting out each tender shoot ;
Hoping soon its blossoms meek
With June-airs would fan my cheek ;

Talking to me, all the while,
With a sweet, familiar smile,
Of the garden's pleasant shade,
And the woodland's leafy glade ;
Leading me beside the brook,
To a quiet, shady nook,
Where the shyest wood-bird sings,
And the flower of Linnæus springs,
Creeping freely, in and out,
Amongst the moss all round about ;
Sending its sweet fragrance up,
From its beautiful twin-cup,
As if to Heaven, in gratitude
For its home there in the wood.

I cannot tell one half the measure
Of anticipated pleasure,
I derived, in wintry hours,
From my violet's future flowers.

Shielded always from the cold,
I saw its tender leaves unfold ;
With deepening interest ever new
Still I watched them as they grew.

The brooks were all in fetters bound,
Knee-deep the snow lay on the ground,
When I espied a *bud* one day !
Then I watched it gratefully,
Till color to its petals came,
And 't was old enough to name.

First it met me fully blown,
On the New-Year's happy morn ;
And its salutation sweet,
For that wishing-season meet,
Was so full of life and truth,
And the heartiness of youth,
That something more than earthly grace
Seemed beaming from its lovely face.

It spoke of deep heart-purity,
Of meekness and simplicity ;
Showing forth a cheerful faith,
Overreaching doubt and death.

I kept it for a little while,
To cheer me with its summer-smile ;
Then, from the stalk on which it grew,
I broke my little violet blue,
And sent it on a stormy day,
To my pastor, o'er the way,
To tell him tales about the Spring,
That soon, to waiting hearts would bring
Balmy airs, and fragrant flowers,
Wreathing all its sunny hours !

What though the pastor could not see
The flower, as 't was revealed to me ?
I felt a quiet joy in giving
Any thing so pure and living,

To him whose words of life and truth
Had been a blessing to my youth.
'Tis gone ! but I cannot forget
My pretty little violet.

In my heart it long will live,
And joy to future hours will give :
Coming, at a moment's call,
 With its deep blue petals bright,
Down from heaven it seems to fall,
 Ever bringing fresh delight !
Through love, I see its hidden worth,
That makes it of celestial birth.

'Mid countless hosts of common things,
 That to our hearts are speaking,
How oft a simple violet brings
 What we ne'er find by seeking !

LITTLE ARTHUR AND THE SUNBEAM.

'MID the piles of brick and stone,
In the city's dusty street,
Through a curtained window shone
God's own smile of sunlight sweet.

There a happy infant played,
Seated on his father's knee ;
While his dimpled hand essayed
To take up the sunshine free.

Open palm is on the spot,
Where the sunbeam lieth warm ;
But the golden ray, unaught,
Danceth on the cherub arm.

Baby, not a twelvemonth old,
Stranger in this world of ours,
Did thy pretty hands once hold
Sunbeams in celestial bowers ?

Fitting playthings sure they seem,
Radiant, transient, like thy smiles,
Shining from the heaven we deem
Hid behind thy mystic wiles.

Thou hast gone but little way
From thy spirit's land of birth ;
Yet delusive sunbeam's play
Hath revealed a glimpse of earth.

Clay hath hedged thee now about ;
Mortal laws thou soon must learn ;
Splendors of the dawn fade out ;
Infant-dreams will not return.

Little hand hath been too bold :
Sunbeams like the angels are,
Or the heavens that all enfold,
None hath touched them anywhere.

God withholds from mortal touch
Glories granted to our sight ;
Thanks to heavenly Love for such
Hints of never-fading light !

Hear the low prophetic speech ;
Let the sunbeam make thee wise ;
Wish it not within thy reach ;
Learn to bless it where it lies.

Then the sunshine in thy heart,
Now so pure, serene, and mild,
Shall to manhood's age impart
Joy like that of little child.

P O E T R Y .



COLD Science makes not living Art,
'Tis but the head, without the heart ;
The sense of Beauty must be given,
Ere Nature leads the soul to Heaven.

Science and Art were never one,
Science is only Art begun ;
Bright flowers of Art bloom on the tree,
The Science-root we cannot see !

By bringing Beauty as her dower,
Fair Nature gives the Poet power ;
Reveals herself a perfect whole,
Informed, by loving man, with soul.

Her powers he to his will can bind,
Makes her reflective with his mind ;
So far as he to her is true,
She in his works shines out anew.

Nature to him who sees and feels,
Infinite depths of truth reveals !
Folding his eyes to colored rays,
God's own white light around him plays.

Harmonious union of the man,
With Nature's high and perfect plan,
Forms bright, celestial links that bind
Beauty to Truth, in Poet's mind.

This free and inward harmony
Is disembodied Poetry, —
When, by the outward works expressed,
'Tis Poetry made manifest.

H O M E .



Oh, golden word of magic power !

Music for heart and ear !

What joys, what hopes, what memories,

Blend in sweet concord here !

Home trains the young in purity,

Shields age with tenderness,

And every stage of manhood's prime

Doth beautify and bless.

The light of home plays round about
The infant's form and face,
And crowns his young and helpless life
With more than earthly grace.

Home lingers with the captive child,
While conning irksome lore ;
And guides him, rushing, glad and free,
Out from the school-house door.

Youth, in its freshness, one elects,
Above all others dear ;
And hearts and hands are joined in faith,
A fair new home to rear.

Home gives to childhood and to love
The brightest gems they wear ;
And these reflect their beauty back,
To make the home more fair.

The wanderer, lured o'er distant seas,
 'Mid foreign joys to roam,
E'er gives his best and happiest hours
 To silent thoughts of home.

The stricken one, upon his couch,
 Of health and strength bereft,
Thanks the All-Merciful, that still
 His peaceful home is left.

And when the light of earth grows dark,
 Kind angels to him come,
And lead him up, through shining gates,
 To an eternal home.

BABY CARL.



OUT from clouds of fear and darkness,
Clothed in sunbeams, thou didst fall,
Filling all the house with brightness,
At thy coming,
Baby Carl!
Light mysterious lingers with thee,
From beyond the prison-wall
That our hands of clay have builded
Round the spirit,
Baby Carl!

When thou smilest, art thou hearing
Some familiar angel call?

Or do bright celestial visions

Float about thee,

Baby Carl!

By thy beauty and thy sweetness,
Thou dost hold all hearts in thrall;

Willing hands obey the mandates

Of imperious

Baby Carl!

Underneath thy folded eyelids

Creep no phantoms to appall:

Smile-wreathed dreams betray no glimpses

Of Life's Battle,

Baby Carl!

Time shall bear the conflict to thee;

Late or soon, it comes to all;

Veiled awhile, in love paternal

From thy vision,

Baby Carl!

Clouds of care shall close about thee,
Fear shall make thy heart to quail;
Powerless is our love to shield thee

From the combat,

Baby Carl!

Ere thine innocence forsakes thee,
Or the angel watches fail,
May the Father's love recall thee

Back to heaven,

Baby Carl!

MY MOTHER.

SHE was my childhood's sun and shield,
I knew it not the while,
Though gleams of Heaven fell on my heart,
From her approving smile.

That radiant smile of beauty, now,
Is brightest beam that plays
Round golden hill-tops, crowned with light,
Of happy early days ;

Days when the heart's glad music kept
Time to the dancing hours ;
When light lay warmer on the hills,
And larger looked the flowers.

When burdens of maturer life
Seemed very light to bear ;
For glory round the future lay,
Undimmed by grief or care.

Those days are gone ! and I have seen
The mystery men call Death ;
The shadow of an Angel's wing,
Dark brooding o'er the earth.

I have beheld my mother laid
In that deep slumber cold ;
And half the anguish of my heart
My falling tears ne'er told.

Yet, while I wept, her presence seemed
 So very near to me,
I almost felt, upon my head,
 Her hand laid tenderly.

Then, with more calmness, I could look
 Upon her marble face,
Enshrined 'mid flowers, fond hands had brought,
 Her dreamless sleep to grace.

Those flowers were fair, but fading types
 Of the immortal bloom,
Of virtues rare, that beautified
 Her pathway to the tomb.

Her generous heart, her active hand,
 Her self-forgetting care,
Large sympathy for others' woes,
 Courage her own to bear.

Her loyalty to truth and right,
Her faith, and hope, and love ;
These flowers that bloomed so fair below,
Bloom fairer now above. v

And often, in the twilight calm,
When holiest thoughts have birth,
Their odors on my heart distil,
Like dews upon the earth.

These golden legacies she left,
Sealed with a mother's love ;
And when these sacred voices speak,
Their faintest whispers move.

Oft has their holy eloquence
Rebuked a sinful thought ;
And oft, to my o'erburdened heart,
Comfort and courage brought.

She speaks from out the silent land !

She guards and guides me still !

And joy wells up within my heart,

Though tears mine eyes must fill.

BONAVENTURE.



Bonaventure, about four miles from Savannah, Georgia, is the resort of all strangers who visit that city. Trees and moss constitute the charms of the place. Long rows of oaks form avenues, radiating from a common centre, whose intertwining boughs at once suggest the idea of Gothic arches. Long, gray, fibrous moss hangs thickly from all these trees, frequently trailing on the ground, in its luxuriant growth, making the day-light dim, and producing effects of still and solemn beauty, too impressive to be revealed in words.

How eloquent are all thy silent trees,
Oh, Bonaventure ! Not the faintest breeze
Stirs the long moss from all thine ancient boughs,
That such monastic beauty o'er them throws !

So calmly there in rich profusion hung,
As if its graceful drapery had been flung
From heaven, by unseen angel-hands, to screen,
From din and dust of earth, this lovely scene !

Through all thy long cathedral isles, I hear
Echoes of life and truth, that draw me near
To God, and my own soul : Silent I stand
In holy temple, reared by Nature's hand ;
Without the voice of priest, or chain of form,
Grateful I worship, till my heart grows warm
With love to Him, who made thy trees, thy moss, and me,
And brought me here, to-day, to look with joy on thee !

L O V E .



IN still and lonely hours, I feel
A gentle influence o'er me steal,
Genial and kind as autumn-haze
That gathers round October days.

Ever about me, like a spell,
One dearest presence seems to dwell,
Awakening fears, that else had slept,
Revealing hopes, in silence kept.

Broken hints, and whisperings low,
Now first to conscious wishes grow ;
A living joy the Future seems,
While pleasures past are idle dreams.

Glimmerings of strange happiness,
Dear fancies, vague and measureless ;
Fresh morning hopes, outreaching Time,
Paint earth and sky in Beauty's prime.

The dullest life now comes to wear,
Unquestioned, a quite regal air ;
The night of toil with stars is bright ;
And duty sheds a holier light.

Sweet music, everywhere, is heard
From babbling brook and warbling bird ;
Beauty and Truth are closely bound
In floral wreath, the heart has wound.

The grass grows greener than before ;
A new sun shines the whole world o'er ;
While angels join pure hearts on earth,
To celebrate Love's glorious birth.

T R U T H .



A GARMENT, woven without seam,
Is holiest symbol given
Of truth's entire, harmonious theme,
Embracing earth and heaven.

Man's narrow thought, and dull short sight,
This seamless robe have rent ;
The shred each gathers, dim or bright,
Deemed whole, affords content.

What golden fragments often lie
Trodden by careless feet ;
While base alloys, raised up on high,
The ancient strife repeat !

The strife which dogmas, cold and dead,
From age to age renew,
Keeping our hearts as cold and dead,
And hiding God from view.

Truth, as the heavens, is broad and free,
Fair, and of many sides ;
The colored glass through which we see,
Our favorite hue decides.

For some, Truth's purest ray shines forth
From that broad belt of light
Proud Science carries round the earth,
And clasps with stars of night.

And Truth, for some, unveils her face
 To loving Poet's eye ;
And he — blest limner — for his race,
 Paints it in Poetry.

And many hear Truth's sweetest tone
 In surpliced prelate's voice ;
While consecrated walls alone
 May in her beams rejoice.

August, symmetrical, divine !
 Yet broken fragments all,
Whose single rays may cease to shine
 Long ere the stars shall fall.

But simplest *deed* of Truth sublime,
 Of sacrifice or love,
Records itself, insured 'gainst Time,
 In the Life-book above.

THE CHILD-GUEST.



YE who like a simple story,
Like to hear of little children
Who still keep their native heaven
Round about them for our seeing,
For our seeing and our saving ;
Who, with spirits mild and gentle,
Love the right, and seek to do it,
With a grace beyond our praising ;
(80)

Ye who see divinest graces,
See the image of the Father,
In such little ones reflected,
Shedding light in darkest places,
Cheering those whose life is dreary,
As at night the stars are shining ;

Ye who hear, above the discord
And the din of worldly striving,
Those great words of Christ, the Master,
Uttered once in far Judea,
“ Verily, I say unto you,
Who receiveth not God’s kingdom
As a little child, shall never
Pass within its golden portals ; ”

Ye who know and feel that often
Little ones do soar the highest ;
Who believe, that, in the heavens,
Upper seats for such are waiting ;

Ye with unspoiled hearts and simple,
Ye will listen to my story.

From a bright West-Indian island,
When the pestilence was raging,
Came a little child unto us,
Sent across the sea for safety,
Sent for refuge to our dwelling.

Cordial was the welcome given :
Home and hearts were open to her,
And we found her very lovely ;
Found her spirit bright and gentle ;
Found she came not unattended ;
Found that, when she crossed our threshold,
Unseen angels entered with her.

Strange to her were all our customs,
And our speech to her was foreign ;
But the angels stood beside her,
Close beside, and helped her ever.
So our ways were soon familiar ;
And, in soft, melodious accent,
Soon she learned to lisp our language.

She at once our home adopted,
Took to her new life most kindly,

Learned to know our friends and neighbors,
Met them all with warm affection,
Stealing from their hearts a blessing,
And from all their homes a welcome.

While her mind was bright and active,
Far beyond the years she numbered,
Very childlike was her spirit ;
Very simple, sweet, and docile ;
Never wayward, never wilful,
Never passionate or moody ;
But, with prompt and sweet obedience,
Heeding every word of counsel ;
All our tender care she cancelled
With her young heart's fresh affection ;
And, for smallest act of kindness,
She returned, in accents touching,
Thanks so sweet, that greatest favors
Seemed unworthy of such blessing.

She was mild, and pure, and radiant,
Like the sunshine, always genial,

Making human souls around her
To unfold in heavenly blooming.

Ere we knew it, ere we thought it,
Her young life to ours was knitted ;
'Twas our joy to see her happy ;
Our delight, her merry singing ;
And our rest was in her playing.

Now our home seems still and lonely ;
For our sweet child-guest has vanished ;
Gone that little radiant presence !
Now we hear no merry singing ;
No bright face is at the window ;
No small feet now run to meet us.

Sadly was our farewell spoken ;
Sadly was our last kiss given :
Clouds were in the place of sunshine,
When our dear Camille departed.
Never had our love been sounded
Till the day that she departed.

Now she's out upon the ocean,
To her native isle returning ;
And our hearts have followed after ;
Followed her with many a blessing ;
Followed her with fervent praying,
And with love beyond our telling.

Holy Father ! guard and bless her ;
Go with her across the water ;
Bear her to her home in safety.
More, O Father ! we beseech thee,
Keep her on that greater voyage ;
Lead her safe through all its perils ;
By thine own right hand, oh ! lead her,
When the voyage at length is ended,
To a home within thy heavens :
There, O Father ! may we meet her,
And go out no more for ever !

Now of all that radiant presence,
Nought is left within our dwelling,
Save a memory sweet and sacred ;

Nought is left of all the singing,
Save an echo faint, and fainter;
May that memory and that echo
Dwell within our home, and bless it !

THE MILL STREAM.



THE mill stream flows o'er common ground,
Yet, wandering there, I stand spell-bound ;
And dreamy thoughts will o'er me steal,
While listening to the water-wheel.

As round it rolls, I hear a chant,
Whose music grows significant,
Till my whole being is possessed
With something of the wheel's unrest.

Mine ear hath caught an under-tone,
To which my soul makes answering moan ;
Two plaintive voices seem to meet,
In murmuring eddies, at my feet.

Vague longings, never answered here,
Foresadowings of another sphere,
Now join the waters' plaintive flow,
As onward, onward still they go.

Forever striving to be free,
My soul is in strange sympathy
With the waters, basely bound
To turn the mill-wheel round and round.

Within man's limitations set,
The troubled waters foam and fret ;
But, left unfettered in their course,
Glide on serenely to their source.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, H. H.

WITH A BOUQUET OF WHITE FLOWERS, ON NEW-YEAR'S MORNING.



OH, let this simple floral gift
To thee my kindest wishes tell ;
Suggesting sentiments that lie
Within the deep heart's silent cell.

The fairest flowers I chose for thee,
As types of holier love than mine,
Enrobed in whiteness, like the light,
That doth angelic forms enshrine.

To thee, transfigured, let these flowers
Celestial visitants bring near ;
In low, soft music let them breathe
Sweet benedictions to thine ear !

Communings calm with souls passed on,
And now released from bonds of time,
Are golden links between our years
And their eternity sublime.

May gentle ministries, like these,
The opening year for thee invest
With light serene, behind its clouds,
And make each wingéd moment blest !

May holy angels, keeping watch,
Guard thee, and bless, on every side,
Till no more hoping, no more wishing,
Shall the immortal years divide.

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE.

THINK not that holy men of old,
And prophets in their might,
Alone the mysteries unfold,
Alone may bathe in light.

Fair Nature wins the pure man's love,
And leads him gently on,
Up the still heights of Truth above,
Whose light is Beauty's sun.

On earth we wander, fenced about
 With doubts, and strife, and sin,
And darkness threatens to put out
 The heavenly light within.

*

Yet to the earnest, here below,
 Visions of truth are given ;
Into calm souls, calm thoughts do flow,
 Down from a calmer Heaven.

And hours amid the dark there are,
 When the far-seeing soul
Beholds the true, the pure, and fair,
 And scorns all world-control.

The spirit, in these tell-tale dreams,
 Unfurls its starry wing,
And floats in a life-world, which seems
 A half-forgotten thing.

And Nature serves, in faith, these hours,
Working both day and night,
With trees and rivers, fields and flowers,
And stars of silent light.

These always sing melodious lays,
Trying to win our ear
Off from the world's discordant ways,
Whose jarring notes we hear.

The rivers, as they glide along,
Preach from the text of time,
And speak, in their soft-murmuring song,
Of the "eternal chime."

Trees teach us many lessons wise,
Better than printed book;
They say that we, our home the skies,
Like them, must upward look.

And verdant fields of waving grain,
 With all the flower-decked earth,
Tell more than human preachers can
 About the second birth.

And the calm, distant stars, that shine
 Through the blue veil of night,
Are emblems of the life divine,
 And Truth's eternal light.

And Prophet, Preacher, Bard, and Sage,
 Are only mirrors lent,
Reflecting back to us their age,
 As on their way they went.

Great Nature, through their lives sublime,
 Humble, and free from sin,
In Beauty's light, reflects for Time,
 The Infinite within.

Oh, live with Nature ! Thus *be* true !

And *seek* for Truth no more !

For this is Truth the ages through,

This Truth the wide world o'er.

TO MY SISTER MARY.

WITH A SMALL PARIAN VASE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.



THY natal day! On drooping wing,
Come happy thoughts of years now gone!
With joy I seek the same bird's nest,
Then grieve to find the birds have flown.

Sweet memories of our childhood's home
Come up in throngs before me now:
The central figure, here to-day,
Hath veiled her face, and speaketh low.

She cometh near, and blesseth all;
Then hands invisible are laid
Upon the youngest of our flock,
And sweetest benediction said.

Our Angel-Mother joys to see
This meeting round thy board, dear May:
How thin the veil between our souls,
And her maternal heart, to-day!

Oh, may her blessing on thee rest,
And may she watch o'er thee, and thine!
Still linked with one, who, called before,
Went up the heights of Life Divine.

Accept the gift thy sister brings,
With prayers that time's remaining hours
May scatter round thee, from their wings,
The fairest, and most fragrant flowers!.

And sometimes bind a nosegay fair,
In memory of this scene to-day ;
And let it, from this Parian cup,
Remind thee of my love, dear May.

•

TO A PRESSED BOUQUET,

GATHERED MANY YEARS SINCE, FROM A PLAYGROUND OF MY
CHILDHOOD.



THERE'S life, for me, in your withered leaves,
Oh, Flowers, so dead to the common eye!
I own the might of a mystic sway,
That binds by many a viewless tie.

By memories of life's morning past;
By bright, young visions forever fled;
By joys, that were in the using, spent;
By hopes, like you, all withered, and dead;

By many an earnest heavenward thought,
And quick love, shown by the rising tear,
Sent out to meet, on its wingéd feet,
Invisible ones of an upper sphere.

By these, and more that remains unwrit,
Ye, in my heart, are now consecrate ;
Blending bright hues of my early life,
With darker shades, in my web of fate.

How straight ye take me to fields I roamed,
When I brushed from flowers the morning dew,
Through paths my feet have not trodden for years,
To the dear old spot, where ye long since grew !

Ye are speaking to me of those long, bright days,
When life was free, and the world a show ;
Ye carry me back to my childhood's plays,
And fill mine ear with the musical flow

Of the brook, on whose borders I used to stroll,
Building my "House" in a sweet covert nook,
Or plucking each flower that nodded its head,
To glistening stones in the bed of the brook.

Those days, though distant, and dreamy they seem,
Are linked to my heart by the tenderest tie ;
Oh, may the light of their Memory gild
The opening scroll of my Future, for aye !

SONG OF HIAWATHA.

A PLAYFUL ATTEMPT TO IMITATE HIAWATHA, IN A SLIGHT
TRIBUTE TO ITS AUTHOR.



IN the columns of the "Transcript,"
Witty words of Punch are quoted,
— Famous Mr. Punch of London, —
On the Song of Hiawatha,
Graceful Song of Hiawatha,
Writ by noble Henry Wadsworth,
Henry Wadsworth, charming Poet,
Whose *adnomen* into Latin,

Mr. Punch has here translated,
“*Longus comes*,” and in English,
Writes it as “Protracted fellow.”
We could wish him *more* protracted,
When he pens his ringing verses,
That have set themselves to music,
And will sing themselves forever.

Vying not with Punch in honor,
— Hat off, bowing very humbly —
With no name and no pretension,
From a wigwam 'mong the birches,
From the land of the Penobscots,
Through the fields, and through the forests,
Sent by Indian youths, and maidens,
Sent by oldest squaws, and chieftains,
I have come to thank our brother,
To commend, and praise our brother,
For the Song of Hiawatha.

In the land of the Penobscots,
Is an Island, fair, and fertile ;
In the summer, you may see it,
Like a shining emerald, lying
On the bosom of the waters,
Rippling waters of the river,
Ever singing, singing round it,
While the light canoes are gliding,
Softly gliding to the music ;
And the dripping dreamy paddles,
Making circles in the river,
Ever dripping to the rhythm
Of the Song of Hiawatha.

On this Island, fair, and fertile,
Underneath the spreading hemlocks,
Spreading hemlocks dark, and stately,
Stands a wigwam, at whose entrance,
Hang the beaver-skins, and antlers,
Where the squaws, with busy fingers,

Mend canoes, and weave their baskets,
While the Sannups, nobly idle,
Sit, with blankets belted round them,
With demeanor stern, and tacit,
Worthy of the old Penobscots,
In their days of savage glory —
Of their heroes, and their chieftains,
And their mighty warriors worthy.
In this wigwam, 'neath the hemlocks,
Mid a group so stern, and tacit,
I have heard an Indian maiden,
With a wild, and tender accent,
With an accent wild, and tender,
Sing the Song of Hiawatha,
Young, and noble Hiawatha,
How he won bright Minnehaha,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

While she sang, the sternest faces
Of the group, so stern, and tacit,

Softened by the touching story,
By the touching story softened,
Turned away, with eyelids drooping,
While the corners of their blankets,
Indian blankets now dishonored !
Sternly met the tears ignoble ;
Tears that lay in ambush, started
At the Song of Hiawatha !
While she sang, the Song was fanning
Embers in the Indian ashes ;
Slumbering fires of memory brightened,
And the ghosts of old traditions,
With the ghosts of older legends,
From the tribe of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
Slowly rose up, stern, before them ;
While the Indian maiden's spirit
Seemed to melt, and seemed to mingle,
Through her accent wild, and tender,
With the Song of Hiawatha.

Very sweetly hath our brother
Sung the Song of Hiawatha ;
Very nobly hath he done it ;
Very nobly *could* he do it ;
While his elder red-faced brothers
Were compelled to traverse forests,
Traverse dark, and tangled forests,
Hunting moose, and deer, and beaver,
Or with wolf, and bear contended,
Or on distant lakes were fishing,
Henry had a chance to study,
All the books the world has written,
Of the various tribes of Indians,
From the big lakes, and the rivers,
Trailing through the trackless prairies,
Where the buffalo is hunted.
He hath moused in every cranny,
For the old romantic legends,
Rites, and charms, and dim traditions ;

Wild and turbulent, he *caught* them,
Plunged them rampant into glory,
Made them all, at once, immortal,
In the Song of Hiawatha!

We would thank him, we would bless him,
He hath saved our race from ruin,
Saved us all from dark oblivion.
He hath told of Mudjeekewis,
Easy name is this for west wind —
Of the war-club Puggawaugun,
And of handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.
He hath shown us, in the heavens,
Where, “together they are walking,
Wabun, and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun, and the Star of Morning.”
He hath sung, too, of Wenonah,
Who was like a prairie lily;
And hath chronicled the virtues
Of the wondrous old Nokomis.

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Other names we need not mention,
Of the quaint and grand assembly,
Stately names, with stately meanings,
Marching nobly to the music,
Nobly keeping step, forever,
Down the long dim aisle of ages,
Through the halls of Time forever,
In the Song of Hiawatha.

For this Song we thank our brother,
With our dying breath, we thank him,
Vanishing away, we thank him,
For the Song of Hiawatha

“THY KINGDOM COME.”



WELL might the Saviour-Master teach
His brethren all to say,
“Thy blessed kingdom come on earth,”
When they the Father pray.

Since first upon an Eastern Mount
That holy prayer was said,
What small advances in the world,
Has this same kingdom made!

He came, blest Teacher, to impart
Light from the world above ;
His precept and his act were one,
Truth manifest in love.

With clear prophetic eye, he looked
The long dim ages through ;
He saw how *self* would grow in man,
Our *social* want he knew.

He went before us to unite
The human, and Divine ;
Thought, word, and deed, first met in him,
Whole, and harmonious shine.

Beneath the thick, but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life ;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife !

Our social fane disjointed stands,
Laid waste by fires of sin :
Ivy creeps o'er its crumbling stones,
And makes it dark within.

Stout hearts and willing hands we want,
Our temple to repair ;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.

A beautiful, and perfect plan,
The Master left behind,
For the pure Spirit's dwelling-place,
In every willing mind.

Traditions, forms, and selfishness
Have dimmed the inner light ;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world,
And angels from our sight.

We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Who would see truth, to action wake!
Do! — the Divine behest!

When freedom, purity, and love
Earth's feverish pulse control,
God's holy kingdom will have come
Within the human soul.

And then the Master will appear
Upon the earth again;
And truth's fair *whole*, in heaven now hid,
Will be revealed to men!

ORDINATION HYMN.



GOD of all churches here below !

With needed blessing now draw near,
And let thy Holy Spirit flow,
Filling our souls with love and fear.

Love for the truth thy Son has taught,
And fear to break thy just command ;
Love, working righteous deed and thought ;
Fear, keeping watch o'er heart and hand !

Oh! bless thy servant, who, to-day
Apostle's armor putteth on;
Gird him with strength and purity,
With zeal and truth to preach thy Son.

And make all hearts more fervent, Lord!
Renew our love for righteousness!
Grant open ears to hear thy word,
And answering lives of holiness!

From devious paths preserve our feet!
Lead us, in love, by "waters still!"
Oh, give us "living bread" to eat,
Through faithful doing of thy will!

FUNERAL HYMN.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES FLINT, D. D.



WITHIN these consecrated courts,
Whose aisles he loved to tread,
We mourn our aged Pastor, gone
To join the silent dead.

No more within our earthly homes,
His voice our hearts shall move ;
In loftier strains he now takes up
His themes of truth and love.

His spirit hath been “ clothed upon ”
 With angel-vestments bright ;
And mysteries of the earth, unveiled,
 He reads in lines of light.

All pain and sorrow he hath left,
 With mortal dust, below ;
Within the “ many-mansioned House,”
 He moves, in freedom, now.

“ Write,” saith the angel of the Lord,
 “ Write, Blessed are the Dead,” —
The Holy Dead, forth into light,
 Through the “ dark valley ” led !

H Y M N

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PIC-NIC OF THE EAST CHURCH.



HERE beneath the open sky,
Close beside the surging sea,
We, O God, 'mid festive joy,
Offer gifts of praise to thee.

Thine own hand, among the trees,
Springing arches first did trace ;
From these glorious courts of thine,
Our own courts have caught their grace.

Both, thy sacred temples are ;
In them both we feel thee near ;
Holy Father ! hear us now ;
Meet the band that gathers here.

Pour thy choicest blessing down
On these children, now we pray ;
Guide them by thine own right hand,
Through their youth's uncertain way.

Be thy love their constant shield,
From the ills that must allure ;
Let thy truth attract their hearts,
Make them wise, and keep them pure.

On our fair and holy church,
Lift thy countenance benign ;
Let our name symbolic be,
From the " East " cause light to shine.

Bless the shepherd, and the sheep ;

Make us earnest, strong, and free ;

Bind us firmly each to each,

And unite us all to thee.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?



OUR asking hearts must meekly wait,
Nor strive to lift the curtain-cloud,
Which He of Nazareth did not raise,
Though unto death his head He bowed.

No word from out the heavens will come ;
Yet are we taught, by Hope and Love,
That He, whose hand upholds the stars,
Builds for our dead fair homes above.

GLIMPSSES.



ONE who hath gone down but lately
To the brink of those dark waters,
That from things unseen divide us,
Unto faith has added knowledge, —
Knowledge how the soul asserteth
Over clay, divine dominion ;
How the spirit groweth stronger
As the conflict groweth sharper ;
And when dear, familiar faces
In the deepening mist have vanished,
How the Father draweth nearer,
And reveals himself in mercy ;

Having heard the prayer repeated
That his Son breathed in the garden,
Heard the trembling flesh outcrying,
“Father, let this cup pass from me!”
Heard the kneeling spirit striving
That sublimer part to whisper,
“Not my will, but thine, O Father!”
How he sends the helping angels,
As of old unto the Master.
Entering the cloud with anguish,
Earthly friends stood close beside me,—
Friends most faithful and heroic,
Thinking only of my trial,
And my bitter need of helping.
Very close they walked beside me,
Till the way became too narrow,
Only meant for single treading!
With brief shudder, looking forward,
I let go the hands that held me,
And stepped out into the darkness!

Then, with Love Divine upholding,
I stood calm upon the margin
Of the darkly flowing river ;
Heard the dashing of the waters ;
Looked across, and caught some glimpses
Of that other shore eternal ; —
Glimpses faint, but they have shown me
Something of the life immortal !
Ay ! and they have shown me also
Something of the life now present.

In the light that was reflected
From that other shore eternal,
Oh, how poor looked worldly striving !
Worse than poor, our vain contentions,
All our arrogant opinions,
Our conceit and our self-seeking !
But the things that we call simple —
Earnest loving, faithful doing,

Quiet trusting, sweet resigning,
Cheerful living, calm enduring —
Were invested with a glory,
With a beauty, and a meaning,
That is never comprehended,
Till we feel the earth is sinking,
Leaving us alone with spirit.
Other golden glimpses cheered me,
As the shadows closed about me, —
Cheered me with their starry faces,
Shining brighter in the darkness;
Bright and beautiful revealings
Of the tenderness that lieth
In the heart's interior chamber;
Bright revealings of the sweetness
And the worth of loving-kindness;
And of sympathy that waiteth,
Like the stars, for light to vanish,
Then, like angel-host, encampeth
Round about the soul that fainteth.

For those friends who stood beside me,
In that dark and fearful hour,
I can only say, God love them!
And return to them, in blessing,
What they gave in sweet compassion!
Stand, O Father, very near them!
Give to them, thy peace for ever!

L I F E .



SWIFTLY down Time's turbid river,
With the restless tide of years,
We are rushing on forever,
Through the smiles, and through the tears,
Halting never,
Friends beloved !

But these years take nothing from us,
Save the bare, and empty shell :
If we've taken out the kernel,
We can keep it just as well
As pure kernel,
Friends beloved !

All our best and dearest treasures
Are not touched by time, we know ;
They shall wait upon the spirit,
In the home to which we go,
Up in heaven,
Friends beloved !

Gloomy doubts and sad misgivings,
Twilight spectres, grim and drear,
As the view before us widens,
Will dissolve and disappear,
Chased by sunbeams,
Friends beloved !

Voices evermore are speaking,
From the silent-seeming dust ;
Joy to those who heed the music,
Ere earth's clamor all is hushed,
Hushed forever,
Friends beloved !

Our undaunted self-reliance,
 With its grand and sturdy look,
Has not learned the first bright letter
 In the great and golden book,
 Book of wisdom,
 Friends beloved !

All our planning is but meddling,
 Pert and vain, or even worse ;
Sure to meet the years' disdaining,
 It may stay us in our course,
 Our course onward,
 Friends beloved !

All our fears and anxious watching,
 Our impatient, childish strife,
These are things that only hinder,
 Only hold us back from life, —
 Life that's real
 Friends beloved !

We have witnesses within us ;
When we listen, notes benign
Murmur through the soul's profoundness,
Quick with love and truth divine,
Out of heaven,
Friends beloved.

In the silence God abideth,
Leaves to earth the noise and show ;
When we feel the mystic pulses,
Speech is very faint and low,
Faint and broken,
Friends beloved !

In what language hath been uttered
All our joy to mortal ear ?
When hath half our hope been whispered,
Even to the soul that's near,
Nearest to us,
Friends beloved ?

Know we not that love is deepest
When the eyes in silence fill ?
And the faith that sees the farthest,
Is it not serene and still
As star-shining,
Friends beloved ?

Forces that have made no ripple
On the surface of life's sea,
Are, with under-currents, shaping
All our world that is to be,
From what now is,
Friends beloved !

Warp and woof from out the present
Clingeth to us evermore,
Shall be garment and equipment,
When we tread the unseen shore,
Coming nearer,
Ever nearer,
Friends beloved !

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